

DiScORDER

A guide to CTR fm 102



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CABLE 100

Jonathon Speaks or JR on being not yet three



The catalyst was a 32-year-old man singing with the innocence and conviction of a child and the energy and excitement of one who had just discovered the simple language of rock and roll. Jonathon Richman was here.

I defy anyone to describe exactly what it is that inspires perma-grin in even the most jaded when Jonathon and the Modern Lovers play. It's not just the sight of a grown man crawling around on the floor singing "I'm a little dinosaur." Nor is it the fact that he throws out some of the corniest jokes and most absurd rhymes this side of a Marx Brothers movie. People don't laugh at him; they are wrapped up in his version of the world. They laugh with him.

I have not seen so many people smiling since the last time Vancouver was inundated by MDA. Ear-to-ear grins, chuckles, squeals and incapacitating laughter were the norm. To an uninformed observer, it must have seemed that all these people were (a) stupid or (b) wired to their toenails on some exotic psychoreactive substance.

This merriment was not, however, inspired by any shortage of grey matter or by the contents of some mysterious medicine cabinet.

In an interview just before his first Vancouver appearance, Jonathon had his own way of describing it: "Atmosphere, that's what I want in my shows and on my records. When the atmosphere is good, people get hypnotized."

He's not boasting. The Modern Lovers put on the best live show I've seen: spontaneous, passionate, funny and unpredictable. It's all pulled out of thin air.

"There is no live set," says JR. "It doesn't work that way. I just make it up as I go along. Y'see, that's what I am: a live performer. The only reason I haven't played here before is because no one asked me. If they ask me, I'll play Afghanistan, as long as the demand's there."

They should be pleased to hear that in Kabul.

While Jonathon's charm and enthusiasm are the heart and soul of the Modern Lovers, it's hard to ignore a band with talent (and patience) enough to respond to the whims of JR. The band has gone through numerous changes over the past 14 years. This edition is notable for two things: the addition of the clear, ringing voice of Ellie Marshall, and the return of Modern Lover alumnus Curly Keranan.

A few long-time fans were surprised to hear a female voice on a Modern Lovers record. What prompted the change?

"He heard my voice," quips Marshall.

"Yeah, that's true. Actually, though, the credit for bringing girl singers on tour has to go to old Matthew Kaufman (head of JR's old label, Beserkley), 'cause I wouldn't have thought of it. I never figured on bringing vocalists around, but he said 'I can hear you with singers, live,' and it just clicked. This was after me and Ellie had been singing together."

"He's so thick-headed that he wouldn't have thought of it," says Marshall with a grin.

"It's true, it's true. I've got this thick voice -- thick head -- and Ellie has this voice that can soar."

Curly Keranan is Jonathon's only connection to past lineups of the Modern Lovers. Standing behind a big acoustic bass and looking, as JR says, "like a mass-murderer," he provides the roots for the band's sound. Is it good to have him back?

"No, it's very bad. He left 'cause he got intelligence, but then he had a terrible relapse, and after



JR AND THE MODERN LOVERS

the brain damage, he rejoined. Now he's getting worse -- he shaves his hair and he's grown a beard. Really, I'd prefer not to talk about him."

Curly the killer aside, Vancouver is fortunate to get the full Modern Lovers lineup. Jonathon has performed solo, accompanying himself on an acoustic guitar, simply because the money to bring the group along wasn't there.

"We've never got record company support," he says, without the expected bitterness. "We aren't getting it now. In fact, I just found out today that Sire dropped us from the label. It's not bad for me, 'cause I don't expect much from record companies, having seen them over the years. So I'm not shocked. I like it when they say 'make a video here,' or 'next week you're going to tour Hong Kong,' but if it doesn't happen, we're independent of that, too. We'll still play."

But isn't touring without record company support a

hand-to-mouth proposition?

"Yeah. Y'see, like especially when we get to a place with good restaurants like this. Take a place with a good Chinatown: I'd say half the day you get hand-to-mouth kind of service. Then you've got take-out places; I like those pretty good. I'd say there's a lot of hand-to-mouth around this organization."

Seriously, Jonathon.

"No, really, if we can get enough dates to put together a tour, so we can afford to fly the rest of the band out from the East Coast (JR, a former diehard New Englander, now lives in California), we'll play here again."

So-o-o, if you missed Jonathon and the Modern Lovers this time, there's still hope for you. (No, don't bother, I had a hell of a time getting tickets this time. --Ed.) Keep those facial muscles limber and, to quote Mark Smith of the Fall --completely out of context-- "SMILE." CD



CITR DISCORDER

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Editor Chris Dafoe
Layout Harry Hertscheg
 Steve Robertson
 Dave Ball
 Elspeth Robinson
 Michael Shea
 Chris Dafoe
Photography Jim Main
 Dave Jacklin
Advertising Dave Ball
 Harry Hertscheg

Contributors
 Jason Grant
 Franco Janusz
 C D
 Gerald Bostock
 Elspeth Robinson
 Roxanne Heinrich
 Sukwinder Johal
 Steve Robertson

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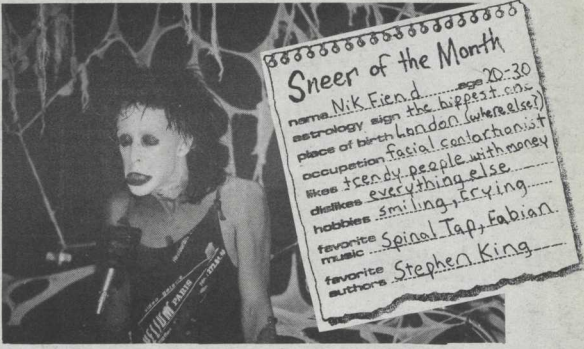
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Dear CITR Errhead,

How the fuck do you come up with your Top 40 playlist every week? I mean, you proclaim not to care about sales (besides, where the hell do you buy a "demo tape"?). You clearly don't give a shit about requests (is that a tape recording that answers the request line or what?). And we know that the local artists on welfare (Joey, etc.) can't afford payola (even CITR can't be bought for 12 cents - now 8 cents thanks to Gracie's finger). Really, how do you decide whether a song is #23 or #24, and how much should it move up or down the chart? Does CITR have "bullets"? Does a song become less good one week, and better another?

It would appear, then, that the elite of CITR concocts the lists. But who makes up this select clique? Dafoe is too busy searching for the ultimate all-black ensemble (in case his other 58 outfits become dated). Robertson is forever aerobically sizing as he aims for the mythical 28-inch waistline. And Sukwinder? Well, who cares? That just leaves Shea and Veg. And who are these people anyway? Do they understand the massive responsibility of programming for 14 listeners? (four of which aren't even DJ's.)

What I'd like to see from your station is something a little different. How about a #18 to #24 playdown, forwards, instead of the usual #10 to #1 shit. Or, better yet, how about an all-request playlist show?

Seriously, though, I want some answers!

Obnoxiously yours,
 SALLY SALIVA

P.S. Print the whole letter, trashes and all.

Come on, 14 listeners? I know for a fact we have at least 201 As for your playlist show suggestions, have you ever tried playing your radio backwards? Pretty neat!

To whom it may be that reads this,

People who saw Jonathan Richman perform live last week are desperate to find out when they can see him again. He is the most enchanting performer, and his records are a pale shadow without his facial expression and "the way he moves". Where, if he is not coming back soon to Vancouver, can we go to see him? If you do not know, where might we obtain this information? Could you please print something in DISCORDER about this?

His fans who had only heard him on record and who did not realize how wonderful he really is cannot continue in this life without him. I am not exaggerating. I know many of them, and they are miserable people, who are only happy when watching Jonathan, and then they are under his spell of hypnotic delight. They need him. I hope you won't disregard this letter, even though I cannot sign my name because I am

—One of Them
 P.S. I realize you may not have this information - but as the only station in the city who plays his music, and who interviewed him, you are our only hope.
 For information on Jonathan, write: Jonathan Richman Fan Club, 644 North Doherty Drive, Los Angeles, California 90069.

Dear Airhead,

Why do the sportscasters, newscasters and Generic Review announcers always have that pitiful sounding decline in their voices at the end of sentences? Do they think it makes them sound professional? Ha! They sound like Les Nessman of WKRP! (stupid)

Shape up, guys!

—Eric Hartman

P.S. You should extend the Rockers Show to four o'clock.

I think you've got a valid point, Eric, and if I can garner enough support, I intend to lobby the powers that be at CITR to have all newscasts, sportscasts and Generic Reviews sung to the tune of "Radio Ga Ga."

Dear Airhead,

I would like to comment on "Joey Meatrack's" letter to the Airhead in the last issue of DISCORDER. Joey should realize that just like himself, those "jocks" are entitled to dress in their own manner. He should also realize that if he insists on dressing like a punk, he is going to catch stares wherever he goes. There is more to punk than tearing your shirt, spitting, swearing and carrying a pseudonym. Punk used to be very violent, but has mellowed considerably since. Perhaps Joey should be back in '77 and '78 when there was a reason for punk in a different country. He should also brush up on his English.

Sincerely,
 Winston Colless

I'm willing to give anyone called Meatrack the benefit of the doubt.

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Finale: The Last Hot Air Show

All good things must come to an end before they're not so good. Somebody famous probably said that; hats off to whoever it was, because it is a good epitaph for CITR's Hot Air Show, a UBC Pit tradition for six years. Originally dubbed The Fog Show, the competition was initially conceived as an impromptu talent night in which the most obnoxious and otherwise untalented talent was inundated with dry ice. As more bands began to compete, the Fog Show transformed itself into the Hot Air Show. Attitudes changed as well in the wake of more prestigious and valuable prizes, so that what had one time been a night of drunken improvisation became a weekly showcase of fiercely competitive and competent (Hmmm... Ed.) local bands.

The format of the Hot Air Show was elaborately simple. Every Monday night during the UBC academic year, two bands competed. Judges picked from the audience evaluated their performances based on three criteria: musical competence, originality and audience response. The evening's winner advanced to one of four quarter final showdowns, with each of these subse-

quent winners meeting in the finals. Prizes ranged from modest cash awards to recording time and other things that bands like to have. Lured by the opportunity to partake in some of the material advantages afforded by winning the Hot Air Show, hundreds of bands have competed over the years, including French Letters, Actionauts, Enigma, Beverly Sisters, Redrum and Ground Zero.

In this swansong year of the Hot Air Show, we've seen 34 bands perform. At press time, only Belle Alliance, Bolero Lava, Cast of Thousands and First Aid remained to battle it out at the finals on March 26.



Bolero Lava
The Winners

play a tight, slinky brand of soulful, funk-influenced lounge rock (Run that by us one more time, will you? --Ed.) -- not necessarily conducive to lounging.

The demise of the Hot Air Show is bad news for the little people in the Vancouver music scene. It means that there's one less place for unknown bands to play, and that might mean that there are simply less new local bands. On the other hand, maybe there aren't enough good new local bands to consistently support a competition of the size and scope of the Hot Air Show. I smell a vicious circle. One way or the other, the Hot Air Show as we know it is past news. That doesn't mean, however, that we at CITR believe that the concept of providing a venue for new bands is no longer viable. Perhaps something along the lines of the Hot Air Show on a smaller scale can be organized in the future. We welcome your input.

Please write: CITR
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V6T 2A5

Best of luck to all local bands in their future endeavours!

Roxanne Heichert
Steve Robertson

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Cast of Thousands
second place

Cast of Thousands are a energetic five-piece outfit who play sophisticated pop with discernible English influences. Band members Tony, Gary, Ken, Jeff and Paul hope to have an EP out by the end of the summer.

Belle Alliance are a three piece band with progressive rock influences. Guitarist Cam Vanaas, bassist and vocalist John Miller and drummer Hamish Miller have not appeared regularly around town because they're concerned with "getting everything just right" before they make themselves known in a live context.

Bolero Lava, on the other hand, have gigged frequently over the past few months, including their truly memorable performance with dance and costume at the multi active event, Apocalypso. Vanessa, Laurel, Phaedra, Barb and Lorraine



First Aid third place

First Aid, with Scott Jacks, James Koeh, Bruce Goertzen and Dave Coupland, are an instrumental group simply because they have not yet found a vocalist to complement their progressive fusion sound. Performing at the Soft Rock and Luv-a-fair have gained the band a solid cult following.



Belle Alliance fourth place

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BLACK FLAG III

Disorder's Mike Dennis spoke to Henry Rollins, lead singer for the notorious punk band **Black Flag**, who will return with a vengeance when they play the SUB Ballroom April 30.

Disorder: First of all, I understand there have been some personnel changes in Black Flag since you played here last August. Can you fill me in on them?

Henry: Sure. We have a new bass player, a young lady called Kira, who used to play with a band called Twisted Roots, as well as a few other L.A. bands. She's been with us about six months.

Disorder: Why did Chuck Rubowski quit playing bass for the band?

Henry: Kira just worked out better on a lot of our newer material, and Chuck sort of wanted a break, so he is managing our band now. He's also playing with a band called Wurm, who have an LP coming out.

Disorder: So Bill Stevenson, who used to drum with the Descendents, is now with Black Flag as well, and didn't Dez (second guitarist) split from the band?

Henry: Yup, bill is drumming for us now. Robo left to play for the Mistifs, and Chuck Biscuits (ex-D.O.A.) drummed with us for a short while, and Dez left to play for Red Kross.

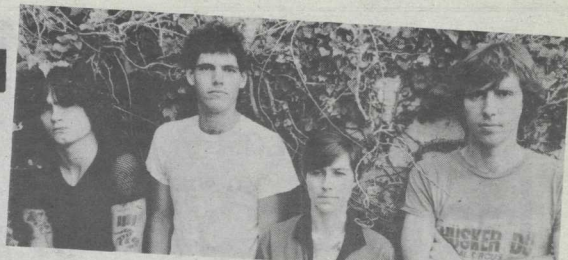
Disorder: So you guys finally got the new LP released, and the court case with Unicorn cleared up?

Henry: The LP's out. It's called **My War** and contains nine new originals, and, yeah, we finally got that court case straightened out.

Disorder: What exactly was the issue there?

Henry: Well, it's really too long to go into depth about. To sum it up, Unicorn's parent company decided our material and lyrics were too "anti-parent," as some geek from there put it, so they decided they weren't going to release it or distribute it. But they didn't want to let us out of the contract, so we all ended up in court, and, as a result, our records are coming out on our own label, SST.

Disorder: What direction musically has the band taken on this new LP? There is a lot of talk about Black Flag going more heavy metal.



Henry: There's no real direction we've taken, and it's not heavy metal. We'll leave that to Motley Crue. All I can say about the new LP is that it's "Black Flag."

Disorder: Have any of the major record labels shown interest in Black Flag, because you do sell a lot of records? Have you considered going with any of these labels?

Henry: They've all talked to us. And no, we're not going with any of them, we're sticking with SST.

Disorder: So the infamous Meat Puppets are touring with you again?

Henry: They'll be with us when we play Vancouver, as well as Nig Heist, likely, who are from our area, Southern California. The Meat Puppets are from the desert, Phoenix, Arizona. They have a new LP out,

just came out.

Disorder: There seemed to be an extreme amount of tension or bad vibes between Black Flag and the audience when you played Vancouver last August. What are your feelings about that gig?

Henry: The audience was full of jerks, a bunch of drugged-out assholes. Every time we play Vancouver we run into the same problem with jerks in the crowd.

Disorder: Yeah, I remember a bunch of people booing and yelling insults, just because the band had "long hair." I thought that was kind of ignorant, if people are going to judge a band by how they look, then that is being very closed-minded.

Henry: Exactly! They should listen to the music, it's not a fashion show! Who cares if we have long hair or if we're bald! Let

'em go to a fuckin' fashion show if that's going to be their attitude!

Disorder: Right on. I happened to be talking to Ron Reyes, who used to sing for Black Flag a few years ago, about that gig, and he mentioned that that was the best he had ever seen the band play, the most intense.

Henry: Well, we were pissed off after all that crap started, so that's where the intensity came from.

Disorder: So what direction can we see the band pursuing in the future?

Henry: Just more "Black Flag!" We're going to just keep playing and playing. There is no real "plan" or direction we're following.

Disorder: That's cool. Any words, then, for the Vancouver audience for this upcoming gig, then?

Henry: Yup. Stay home.



T-Bone Burnett

T-Bone Burnett has been on a musical trip, so to speak, for close to 20 years. While on this excursion, he has made whistle stops to produce (Delbert McClinton, Los Lobos); to play in bands (Dylan's Rolling Thunder Revue, the eccentric Alpha Band); and to rub elbows musically with the likes of Pete Townshend, Richard Thompson, Ringo Starr and Ry Cooder.

In addition, during this time span, T-Bone has observed and recorded mental pictures of modern society; insightful snapshots which have materialized as the satirically rich lyrics on Burnett's first three solo efforts: **Truth Decay**, **Trap Door** and **Proof Through the Night**.

These critically acclaimed albums mark T-Bone's emergence as a solo performer. To compliment the vinyl

output, the Texan native has also taken to doing numerous live performances; something which he has grown to love.

On stage, as his March Soft Rock concerts attested, Burnett likes to break down the front wall between crowd and performer. He does this effectively by joking, clowning around and getting involved with the audience; creating a special rapport! Unfortunately, this light-hearted facet of T-Bone's personality is often overlooked or not recognized on his albums.

"My material is frequently taken as cynical. But I don't like cynicism," Burnett says. "My songs are really not fatalistic; underneath them there's a hope, a positive feeling... but they're not positive in the sense of 'I'm so happy

and life is getting better all the time!'"

The ability to deal with "heavy" topics (such as moral decline and increased superficiality in our society) without being heavy-handed or "preachy" makes Burnett's material enjoyable listening. Humor softens the biting satirical edge of the songs. A good example of this is evident in **The Sixties**, a track from the **Proof** LP. The song deals with, not surprisingly, the 1960s.

"The decade was a time of great energy, promise and ideas," Burnett reminisces. "But some of those strong ideas, such as not taking someone's word for something just because he's in a position of authority, have been replaced by the more superficial aspects of the decade."

Weighty food for thought! Right? Yes, but in Burnett's song, the "message" and his humor blend to give the lyrics a subtle approach.

What about the eighties? "In some ways, I'm optimistic about this decade. I think people are growing out of the sixties' cynicism," Burnett offers.

The 1980s should also hold great promise for T-Bone Burnett. Musically, he plans to keep dabbling in the broad, folk-rock category. He admits, however, that his music is difficult to pigeonhole into any particular slot.

"There's an area near New Orleans where the fresh water of the Mississippi merges with the Gulf of Mexico, resulting in a mixed pool of liquid... my music is like that: a blending of styles: rockabilly, folk, rock."

Burnett does, however, see a change in his lyrical approach. "The new songs will deal more with individuals," he predicts, "rather than the concept that we're becoming a nation of images instead of ideas. That dominated the first three albums."

As for live performing, the versatile guitarist would like to do a Will Rogers-type bit. That is, use the songs to create a link with the audience.

T-Bone Burnett. Keep your ears open for the next stop on his musical trip!

Steve Janus



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True West

"Paisley underground? What paisley underground?" Is there a subterranean fabric revolution, or what? Perhaps, just offhand, some U.S. music writers thought that this rather dumpy term could apply to some vibrant bands coming out of sunny California? True. True West.

A mini album came out in May of 1983 bearing this last name, and, since the Dream Syndicate, 3 O'Clock, and the Bangles' sounds were already well known for their '60s influences, the "psychedelia revolution" was quickly started; not by the bands, but by writers across the States.

I had a chance to talk to singer Gavin Blair and guitarist Russ Tolman on Tuesday, March 20, before their second show at the Railway Club, and the two affable chaps had a lot to say, especially about record companies and the movement back to more basic, traditional music.

D: How hard was it to get.

RT: Interest?

D: That's it!

RT: We've had a lot of passing interest, like A & R people calling up and saying "What's this True West thing?", but they don't want to make any decisions, they're very conservative.



At this point, there was a threat of war, when S.J., a transplanted Britisher at CTR, attempted to attack the band using invisible ray guns through the plexiglass window. Avoiding further questions about England, we touched on influences on True West's sound, and the future of their sound.

RT: We listen to a lot of things. . . in fact, I used to do college radio, the roots of this band are in college radio.

GB: George Jones! He's a major influence!

RT: My two favorite songwriters are Hank Williams and Bob Dylan, but we listen to anything from Ornette Coleman and John Coltrane to the Byrds and everything in between. . .

wood Holiday.' I feel, deals with the depravity in California now.

RT: It's kind of based on one particular experience, but it does reflect the entire feeling that you get from Los Angeles, which is a mixture of golden opportunity and decay and decadence and sunburn.

D: What do you think that the future of, not only your music, but rock music in general, is going to be?

RT: I think that there's going to be a good resurgence of guitar bands, of bands that are basically 'rock' bands, for lack of a better term, who will mix up lots of influences. The new Dream Syndicate album, after hearing most of it, now that it's done, is going to be on regular, real radio and do really well; they have A & M Records really behind them, and that's the important thing, to have a record company willing to spend all the money paying off people to get your song on the radio, unfortunately. . . or fortunately, in their case.

If the present bunch of bands don't do it, then they'll set the stage for all these new young bands in the garage to come along, or all these old hacks with connections in the record companies will get it together and write songs like these kids are doing. Kids and guitars go together; you know the guitar is the universal instrument that any kid can go into the garage and bash away on and come up with something.

That's what makes rock and roll, rock and roll.

Jason



Most of the younger A&R people who are 'into' us aren't in a position in the company where they can say 'Sure, we'll sign you!' After saying all that, though, we are in the process of getting things together to sign with a major label, and the new album will be out in July, right after we return from France.

D: Great! France is really interested in you, then, as far as touring does?

RT: Yeah! The New Rose LP's doing really well, so we're going to play in France a lot, maybe England, Amsterdam and Brussels if things work out. France is very hip to American music today: Gun Club, Dream Syndicate, us, even!

When I asked the band about their views on British music, I got pretty well the response I expected.

RT: I think that English musicians are basically snotty. . . there are bands like Big Country where Stuart Adamson says 'Gee. . . no original music has ever come out of America.' And I'm wondering where did these guys come up with their ideas? Haven't they ever heard a Little Richard record in their lives? I'm not saying that everything from America is great either, but . . .

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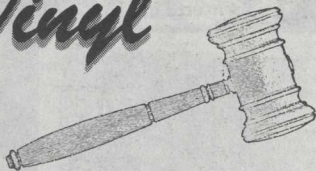
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Vinyl



Verdict



Laurie Anderson Mr Heartbreak

Well, he was an ugly guy
with an ugly face.
An also-ran in the human
race.
And even God got sad just
looking at him.

And at his funeral all his
friends stood around
looking sad.

But they were really
thinking of all the ham
and cheese sandwiches in
the next room.
[from Gravity's Angel]

A Laurie Anderson song makes for good brain-food. The words are always clear and precise, spoken usually as straight poetry. The topics they cover include pretty much anything (everything?) imaginable, from hockey rink attendants and pilots of crashing airplanes to great lovers and Thomas Pynchon novels (is Laurie Anderson the first person in the world to have made some sense out of Gravity's Rainbow?). The accent is usually on the weird edge of the banal, more mundane and terminally normal aspects of life in Americaland, planet Earth, circa 1984.

The music is a lot like the words, intricately structured yet done so with subtlety so that the result is a textured backdrop of tones, rhythms, and odd melodies that flow through your ears with deceiving simplicity. Individual sounds are important, whether real or synthesized. They blend with the musical accompaniment and complete a distinctly impressionistic soundscape.

In case you haven't guessed by now, this is a thumbs-up review. Laurie Anderson's second album, *Mister Heartbreak* is at least as good as its predecessor *Big Science*, better even. It doesn't pack the same novel punch, but then, how could it? An artist of Anderson's originality (eccentricity?) can only be heard for the first time once.

What *Mr. Heartbreak* does is expand on *Big Science*. Ms. Anderson has obviously made a few bucks in the last couple of years and turned some notable heads. Adrian Bellwe contributes some debauched and otherwise abused guitar sounds, Bill Laswell (Material) is on hand with his bass, and he assists with the production chores. William S. Burroughs provides a wryly depraved lead voice on *Sharkey's Night*. Peter Gabriel throws in his own inimitable weirdness on *Excellent Birds*, which he co-writes, co-produces and co-sings (watch out for the video). Phoebe Snow is on hand, and so are lots of other talented folks. This all-star cast works. While there tended to be a slight repetitiveness to *Big Science*, *Mr. Heartbreak* is distinctly diverse, yet surprisingly accessible: everything from the expansive atmospherics of *Kokoku* to the quirky danceability of the album's opening cut, *Sharkey's Day*.

If you haven't heard any Laurie Anderson before, or if you were even slightly intrigued by *Big Science*, by all means check out *Mister Heartbreak*. If 1984 can produce two more albums of this calibre, it will have been a very good year.

Gerald Bostock

Linton Kwesi Johnson Making History

Di Eagle an' di Bear are people livin' in fear of impendin' nuclear warfare.

But as a matter of fact, believe it or not, Plenty people don't care wedda it imminent or not, Or who first t'attack or d'human race a go survive or not.

I like Linton Kwesi Johnson.

I like this album, too, making it four A grades in a row for the man, although we've had to wait three years for this latest report card, *Making History*, while he contributed to various cultural and political events around the world, using his dub poetry as a focal point.

The music itself is much the same as before -- in fact, a little too much the same as before, the only criticism of note. There is the odd mild excursion into other musical forms, notably on *War About Di Workin' Class*, with its jazzy horns. Otherwise, the reliable Dennis Bovell Dub Band just chugs along with its sparse bass and drums providing the backbone of the dubbeat.

In all fairness, though it's not for the music that one listens to LKJ, it's for the words. He doesn't mince them -- no flowery prose caressing one's ears here. Rather, his words are a clawed hand and a fist, squeezing your conscience and aiming for your solar plexus respectively. His poison is a potent cocktail of sorrow, frustration and anger, laced with a strong dash of militant defiance. The topics, as before, are the plight of blacks in a predominantly white society



and oppression in general, as in *Di' Eagle and di Bear*:
*For though some is awake,
dem life already comin'
like a nightmare.*

*An you can see t'ever'
where, di famine an' di
fear,
Di doubt an' di drought,
desperashun an' despair,
An' you can see t'all aroun'
di massahkah's aboun'.
Dead bodies all aroun',
d'atrocities aboun',
missin' people can't be
found,
Dictators get dethroned,
new clones are quickly
found.*

LKJ usually includes a slower, introspective poem on his albums, and I thought *Reggae fi Dada* was it on *Making History*, a track which highlights his haunting, menacing voice in all its compelling sorrow, it being an ode to his dead father, until suddenly, half-way through, he suddenly lashes out at the oppressive Jamaica he believes was the cause of the death.

That quivering intensity is carried through to the last track, *New Grass Massahkah*, the high point on *Making History*. If you've been put off by the thick Jamaican patois accent up 'til now (why should you, it's

half the beauty of this kind of music f'crissakes!), then this poem is a damned good reason for you to try and understand it. Dammit, I'll translate it for you myself if you call CTR!

It's about an arson attack at a birthday party which claimed the lives of 13 young blacks. LKJ bares his emotions -- you can almost see him spitting the poem at you, teeth clenched, eyes glaring, nostrils flaring. It slaps you in the face. I challenge you to listen to this poem and not be moved.

The subject matter of LKJ's work, along with that of the late Michael Smith and recent visitor Mutabaruka et al, has meant that it has been largely ignored by all but a few discerning music fans. However, you don't have to be black to identify with this album.

Listen to it if you're a woman, if you're gay, if you're handicapped, if you're a punk. Listen to it if you're a part of any community that's ever been discriminated against. It throws a glaring spotlight on anyone who's ever been guilty of bigotry, prejudice and ambivalence.

On you and I?

Sukhvinder Johal

The Alarm Declaration

Refreshing new sounds are so hard to come by these days, especially from the diverse yet somewhat stagnant British music scene. You certainly won't find any from this band, unfortunately. The Alarm pushed their way out of a small town in Wales last summer with a measure of talent, some huge aspirations, and a ton of recycled musical ideas.

This four-piece will surely appeal to the "new generation" of music fans; those who missed out on the truly glory days of the Clash, the Undertones, the Buzzcocks, and other fine, hard-edged pop bands. (One encounters great difficulty in not comparing the Alarm to other bands, since their plagiarism is so evident and so blatant.) The British music press -- fickle, but usually accurate -- are critical of the Alarm for this plagiarism (the NME dubbed their lead singer "Bonzo," and their guitarist, "the Fridge") and are justified in this criticism. North America, on the other hand, will

eat the Alarm up like candy, and the Alarm will stand on their high horse and blow kisses to their adoring fans... yech.

Now, I don't mind the power-pop of groups like U2 and Big Country; in fact, the more I hear the Alarm, with their blood-and-thunder Christianity and savage moralizing, the more I respect the other bands for their originality. Inoffensive pop songs abound on this LP: brazen, trumpeting guitar breaks, cymbal-crashing percussion, impassioned vocals (Mike "Bonzo" Peters sounds as if he'll burst into tears if we don't listen to him and agree with him); it's not as if they didn't try.

Recognized as one of the re-institutors of the acoustic guitar to the rock world, the Alarm have a sickening tendency to exploit a marvelous

instrument in a negative way. Listen to *Shout to the Devil* then listen to U2's *Drowning Man* (from the *War LP*); ask yourself who stirs up more emotion with the acoustic guitar. Another question: what do you think of a band that puts out a song entitled *We are the Light?* Sound pompous? You bet.

Well-intentioned as they may be, to bare your heart on a piece of vinyl only works when you have something meaningful, important and original to say. If you're looking for a band that fuses a powerful message with powerful music, check out the pace-setters: U2, the early Clash, etc.

Never settle for the cheap imitation when the real thing is right at your fingertips.

Jason

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Program Features

MUSIC OF OUR TIME



Every Sunday, from 8:00 a.m. until noon, CTR presents a unique and unparalleled musical experience — *Music of Our Time*. This acclaimed program features the finest in 20th century classical music, from the established landmarks of such composers as Stravinsky, Schoenberg and Webern, the avant garde masterworks of Xenakis, Ligeti and Penderecki, to the popular current composers Steve Reich and Philip Glass, to name but a few. In addition, local composers are featured, many of whom are working with computer music, artists like Jean Piche, Martin Bartlett, and the Cassation Group. Also featured are live and pre-recorded interviews with these local composers and visiting ones as well. These give the listener a rare opportunity to understand the composer's point of view, and the *New Music Calendar* at 10:00 a.m. keeps you informed of contemporary music concerts in and around your area.

Hosts Jay Leslie and Ken Jackson keep the atmosphere friendly and congenial — refuting the notion that modern classical music must be starchy, esoteric, and unapproachable. Tune in and have your horizons expanded!

K J

	SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
7							
8							
9	MUSIC OF OUR TIME						
10							
11							FOLK INTER NATIONAL
12	NEWS-SUNDAY-BRUNCH						NEWS
1	THE ROCKERS SHOW						
2							
3	RABBLE						
4	WITHOUT A PAUSE						
5							
6	SUNDAY MAGAZINE						SATURDAY MAGAZINE
7							
8	SUNDAY NIGHT LIVE						
9							
10	FAST FORWARD	JAZZ SHOW					
11							
12	FAST FORWARD	JAZZ SHOW					
1	LIFE AFTER BED	LATE NITE	AFTER NIGHT	name this show	PLACEBO RADIO	AFTER HOURS	RANDOM INSOMNIA
2							
3							

TOP 50 BANDS

1. The Smiths
2. Iggy Pop and the Stooges
3. Echo and the Bunnymen
4. Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers
5. The Cure
6. Laurie Anderson
7. Simple Minds
8. David Bowie
9. Fad Gadget
10. Trevor Jones
11. Bunny Wailer
12. U2
13. Siouxsie and the Banshees
14. Violent Femmes
15. Psychic Healers
16. Agent Orange
17. Animal Slaves
18. The Clash
19. ESG
20. Elvis Costello & the Attractions
21. Eyeless in Gaza
22. DOA
23. Fred Frith
24. Go Four 3
25. Raybeats
26. The Three O'Clock
27. Wall of Voodoo
28. Corsage
29. John Cale
30. Alien Sex Fiend
31. Ultravox
32. The Cramps
33. Talking Heads
34. Dead Kennedys
35. Bauhaus
36. Nina Hagen
37. Stranglers
38. Bill Nelson
39. Art of Noise
40. Joolz
41. The Jam
42. Tom Waits
43. Spear of Destiny
44. Orange Juice
45. The Alarm
46. Cocteau Twins
47. Magazine
48. 54/40
49. Black Uhuru
50. Joy Division

Please do not adjust your DISCORDER. This is not a test. This is a blurb. B-L-U-R-B. What in God's name is a blurb? And why do I have to write one? (Because we, the management, will remove a vital organ from your wretched carcass if you don't!)

Here goes! At long, bloody, last, D.O.A., those perpetual paragons of punk and pith, have been supplanted from their No. 1 position. Mr. Keighley (the spotlight Kid) now becomes the Limelight Kid, at least for this month.

More Notes . . . Jonathan Richman's fantastic (and well-attended) shows in this fair city boost his airplay immensely. . . The Smiths have an LP out that follows the pattern of consistency established by their first three singles. . . Where in Sam Hill did U2 come from? Heaven, I suppose. . . Seven local artists here, three with great vinyl. . . Animal Slaves and 54/40 on Mo-Du-Mu and Corsage (the Phil Smith Album) on Zulu Records. Buy 'em!

This list represents the 50 most-played artists, regardless of their present existence, the age of their LP(s), or their present state (or non-state) on the weekly playlist. The list does not reflect the tastes of any individual or group; it is, however, a pretty good bet that you will hear a number of these bands during any given portion of CTR's general programming day!

This blurb has been a CTR presentation. Jason

High Profile

WEEK 1

APRIL '84

Mon 02
Tues 03
Wed 04
Thurs 05
Fri 06
Sat 07

EINSTEIN ON THE BEACH - PART 1
FRENCH LETTERS
THE SMITHS
FRESHIES
M & M
LINTON KWESI JOHNSON

WEEK 2

Mon 09
Tues 10
Wed 11
Thurs 12
Fri 13
Sat 14

EINSTEIN ON THE BEACH - Part 2
QUINTESSENCE RECORD LABEL
CHARLIE FEATHERS
RAINCOATS
HOLGER CZUKAY
SUBWAY SECT

WEEK 3

Mon 16
Tues 17
Wed 18
Thurs 19
Fri 20
Sat 21

EINSTEIN ON THE BEACH - Part 3
RANK AND FILE
GRANDMASTER FLASH
BUZZCOCKS
YELLOWMAN
SHAKESPEARE

Mon 23
Tues 24
Wed 25
Thurs 26
Fri 27
Sat 28

EINSTEIN ON THE BEACH - Part 4
3 HOUR SPECIAL
VIOLENT FEMMES
TOM TOM CLUB
U.K. DECAY
BRAIN EATER HISTORY

Mon 30

FLOATING ANARCHY

Public Affairs

CITR Public Affairs is alive and kicking, and hidden beneath this seemingly innocuous label are shows designed to titillate, inform, enthrall and generally make life worth living. Tune in weekday mornings at 9:00 a.m. for:

Mondays: Et Cetera: covers a wide range of topics of social, health and frivolous concerns. Usually hard hitting but has fun topics, too.

Tuesdays: Dimensions: covers a wide range of political issues, current events, topics of interest and relevance to the community.

Wednesdays: Artists Only: featuring interviews and profiles with people in the arts world. Painters to playwrights and everything in between are on this show. If you're one of the artsy types, this one's for you.

Thursdays: Heavy Issues, Heavy People: this is a new-comer on the scene. Whatever's hot and controversial, this show tackles. The debut show featured a debate between Clint Davy from Project Wolf and Dave Ball, CITR's Veep. Immediate, hot, and heavy: that's the format.

Fridays: Sports Unlimited: looks at what else? Everything for the athletically minded type is on this show.

Just a reminder that this wide world of Public Affairs is open to all. If you or your group has something to say, we can give you the means to say it. Or perhaps you'd be interested in a more permanent connection. If you'd like to take advantage of CITR's Access service or join CITR's Public Affairs Staff call:

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